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A Limited Number of

JACKETS

SUITS

AT RIDICULOUS PRICES.

One Lot Jackets
Sold from \$5.00 to \$6.50. Made of fine material and Silk lined.
Your Choice, \$1.98

One Lot Suits
With a nice shirt waist and neck-tie
Only \$3.98

All Suits Marked Down

THOMAS + SMILEY
NORWAY, MAINE.

SHURTLEFF'S

Sale of Seasonable Goods for Out door Exercise.

SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS
a complete stock.

Spalding's Base Ball Guide is out for 1898.
We will send it for roc.

SHURTLEFF'S
SO. PARIS.

In Our

Carpet Rooms

YOU CAN FIND ALL THE CARPET SUNDRIES.

Rubber Mats, 1 38
Wire Mats, 1 20
Brush Mat Mats, 50c to 1 25
Oilcloth Mats, 50c to 1 25
Smyrna Rugs, 50c to 4 25
Brussels Remnants, 1 yd, 50
Velvet Remnants, 1 1/2 yds., 1 90
All Wool Remnants, 1 yd, 25
Hassocks, 43
Bissell's Carpet Sweeper, \$2.50 to 7 50
Art Squares, 50c to 7 50
Oil Stair Carpet, 50c to 7 50
Padded Carpet Lining, 50c to 7 50
Corrugated Carpet Lining, 50c to 7 50
Crass Binding for Oilcloth and matting.

N. DAYTON
BOLSTER & CO.
SO. PARIS, MAINE.

FLAGS
ALL SIZES and Prices...
L. C. HALL'S

STRAWBERRIES
and all should have that unique device for hulling them, found at
HALL'S DRUG STORE.
All who try it, buy it. Only 10c.

TRUE'S
PIN WORM
ELIXIR

LOCAL NEWS
—The Latest, too.
Lots of it—in every issue of the News. Send a copy to your friends—1 month, 5c; 6 months, 25c; 1 year, \$1.25.

The Bethel News.

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF BETHEL AND SURROUNDING TOWNS.

\$1.25 Per Year, in advance.

BETHEL, MAINE, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 29, 1898.

Vol. IV. No. 5.

Town Topics.

WHAT OUR PEOPLE ARE DOING.
ITEMS OF INTEREST PICKED UP ABOUT TOWN.

"A City That is Set on a Hill Cannot Be Hid."

Dr. B. F. Bryant is visiting in town.

R. E. L. Farwell was in Portland Saturday.

Carl Dudley of Bryant Pond, was in town Saturday.

Rev. Mr. Barton will speak next Sabbath forenoon on "The Ethics of War."

Norman Gehring of Brunswick, is visiting his uncle, Dr. J. G. Gehring.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Shackley of Mechanic Falls, have been in town for a few days.

The members of the Epworth League held a business meeting at the M. E. church last Monday evening.

Dr. F. I. Brown and wife of So. Portland, spent Sunday with Mrs. Brown's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Philbrook.

Miss Agnes Kimball, of Berlin, N. H., has finished her school and will spend a portion of her vacation with relatives in town.

The Ladies' Circle of the M. E. church will meet Thursday afternoon and evening, at the home of Mrs. J. S. Swan. All are invited.

Mrs. Everett Hammons and daughter Marjorie of Anoka, Minn., are at home on a visit. They were at C. O. Foster's last week.

Beginning next Sunday the trains will run Sunday excursions to Old Orchard; the return fare for this trip is but \$1.40 placing it within the reach of all who desire to take this little outing.

Hon. A. E. Herrick attended Bowdoin commencement last week; a reunion of his class was held at which were present over one half of the living members, one of whom came from South Carolina.

Tickets to the annual "Rose Breakfast" only 25 cents, with the further desire on the part of the committee that those who are interested will contribute something good for breakfast. The occasion ought to interest every family in town, for this is the day we celebrate.

Many of the citizens of Bethel have been pleased to meet upon the streets during the past few days, Hon. J. B. Locke of Zumbrota, Minn. Forty-five years ago Mr. Locke was one of Bethel's popular teachers, and many of our middle aged business men of to-day were at that time counted as his pupils. The popularity which he enjoyed here followed him to his western home, for from the west come reports of him as an energetic and enterprising citizen. He, it may be said, had grown up with the town of his choice, and has most ably filled all town offices; for many years he has been town clerk and justice of the peace and has represented his town in the Legislature. Mr. Locke is much interested in all that is for the upbuilding of his community, and to that end has been connected for the past years with dairying interests and at the present time is president of a large creamery. After many years from his old home he has returned to spend a few months in visiting friends and relatives and taking an outing among the mountains and ponds of Oxford county. Mr. Locke is a genial gentleman and we were much pleased to meet him at our office where he left a subscription for the News.

Letter to Mr. J. U. Furrington.

Dear Sir: The following conversation recently took place in our store in New York:

Customer: "I want to get some 'cheap' paint to do a 'cheap' job."

Clerk: "Well, you want our Lead and Zinc Paint then; not a 'cheap' paint."

Customer: "Why so?"

Clerk: "For two reasons—1st, 10 gals. of our Lead and Zinc Paint at \$1.50 per gal. will cover as well as 15 gals. of a cheap paint at \$1.25 per gal. 2nd, if it takes a painter two days to spread 10 gals. it will take him three days to spread 15 gals."

These are the two reasons why a low priced paint costs more than a pure paint.

Yours truly,
F. W. DEVOE & Co.

Paint Your Buggy for 75c.

With Devoe's Gloss Carriage Paint, ready for use; 8 colors; Gives a High Gloss, equal to new. Sold by Hastings Bros.

STATE NEWS.

There were 501 students at the Eastern State Normal School, at Castine, for 1897-8.

Many a sad tale reaches the outside world from the almshouse, and Orono adds to the collection with one of the saddest. Mrs. Ann J. White who died there Sunday, at the age of 87, was once worth \$100,000 but the fortune was spent by a dissipated son, now in the same almshouse and so totally without feeling that he refused to attend the funeral of his mother as a mourner.

Thirty-five Italians who have been working for Contractor W. D. Smith of the Lewiston, Bath & Brunswick electric road left Bath for Boston Tuesday night on account of a difference with the contractor on the question of pay, says the Bath Times.

At two o'clock Wednesday afternoon the New England Steamship Building Co., launched the big coal barge "Number Five," built for the Consolidated Coal Co. of Baltimore. She is 200 feet long, 35 feet wide and 17 feet deep. She is one of the four of this style craft which this company is building for the same firm.

In Maine last year, 700,000 cases of sardines were packed, the price of which averages about \$3.70 a case. The industry is 23 years old, and the original price was \$10 a case. The sardine packed on our coast is of the same family as the French sardine, and when put up in the best oil and properly canned commands even to-day a much better price than the average.

The late Dea. Albert Richardson of Jefferson bequeathed \$1,000 each to the Foreign and Home Missionary societies, and \$500 to the First Baptist church of Jefferson, of which he was a member for nearly 70 years.

Senator Hale made a brief visit in Ellsworth last week. His next visit to Maine will be to preside at the State Republican convention.

A flagstaff 59 feet high has been erected at the summer home of Secretary John D. Long in Buckfield.

The well-known New York musical director, Mr. Walter Damrosch, arrived in Bar Harbor, last week, and will spend most of the season there. Mr. Damrosch will devote a part of his time while at Bar Harbor to the completion of an important new composition.

Leroy Dickey, 19 years old, hanged himself Tuesday night in the barn of his home in Brooks. No cause for the deed has been ascertained, as he had seemed to be in good health and spirits. He and his father lived together, the mother being dead.

While returning from a mock naval engagement on one of the principal lakes in Auburn, four or five electric cars collided. Frank Cogrove, a passenger on one of the cars, had his back broken and received internal injuries. Frank L. Starbird, a conductor, was badly injured, and will probably lose three fingers of his right hand. William Gilmore was also badly injured.

Deering had the worst fire for a long time, June 16, when four houses and a barn, with contents, were damaged more or less, causing a loss of from \$8,000 to \$10,000. The fire gained such headway that aid was summoned from Portland. Property belonging to the heirs of the late Edward Newman, Wm. H. Scott, Henry N. Green and John Rooney was burned. The blaze originated from an oil stove blazing up in the ell of the Newman house.

Little Harold Rose, aged five, son of Charles Rose, Fairfield, was very seriously bitten by a dog, Monday forenoon. The little boy, who is a great lover of dogs, started to pet him when the animal seized the child by the throat, lacerating it badly.

The work on the pier at Old Orchard is progressing rapidly. The piles at the steamboat landing at the end have all been driven and the pavilion is being pushed. The celebration will commence July 2nd and last three days. Swimming matches, yacht races, balloon ascensions and continuous band concerts will be among the events of the dedicatory exercises.

One Soldier Dead.

A fair young mother calmly read, While one hand rocked the cradle bed Wherein her first-born slept away The twilight of a summer day. She musedly the paper turned, Till "Latest War News" she discerned; "Our loss was small," she dispatched said— "A skirmish, and one soldier dead."

They troubled not to give his name, Or e'en the troop from which he came; For who, rejoicing in success, Cares if there be one private less? Only a soldier lying there, With blood upon his sunny hair, With no kind friend to raise his head Or treasure the last words he said.

Oh, happy mother, do you know That not so many years ago That soldier was a baby, too, With face as sweet and eyes as blue As those within your cradle there? And knew a mother's tender care, Who now must sit alone and weep? Because he wakes not from his sleep!

And other thoughts also said: "Only a private soldier dead," Without a passing thought that he Might one of nature's nobles be, Or that the words that line contained Would wreck a life that yet remained; His mother waits for him in vain, For he, her only child, is slain.

Fourth of July at Tooker's.

The 3rd of July at Orr's Mills was full of the stinging noises that seem to belong to very hot, breathless days. It presaged even hotter things for the Fourth of July.

Mrs. Tooker was ironing in her little, stifling kitchen. Her neck, thin face was unwontedly flushed and trickling with little streams of perspiration.

Windows and doors were shut. There were no screens, and Lavinia Tooker couldn't "abide" flies. It was the only thing she ever felt courage enough to abide or not abide.

Adam Tooker lounged outside in the shade in his shirt sleeves. Aunt Lois Knapp, next farm, said a body hadn't only to look once at Adam Tooker's chin to see who was head of that house.

Mrs. Tooker looked at it now through the window, but she saw only the grizzled fore-runners of a beard. In its firm, hard lines and masterful curves she saw no significance.

"Seems as if I never know starch to stick the way this does!" she groaned, scraping little flakes of it from the iron with a case knife. "And just when I'm in an awful hurry too! I wish Adam would let me try that satin starch Aunt Lois brags about. But he won't. It's 5 cents a pound more." She sighed gently.

The sitting room door suddenly opened and Mary Tooker came out. She had some sewing in her hand. "Why, mother?" she exclaimed, "you'll melt! This kitchen's like a furnace of fire. If you'd only have the window open! But, anyway, I'll leave the sitting room door open—that'll be some help."

"No, no, Mary, don't! There don't need to be one of us melt."

"Well, I guess I can stand it as well as you can. I'm going to see if I can't." She edged herself gently into her mother's place and wrestled the iron from her tired fingers. Her sewing slipped to the floor.

"Was it the influence of Independence day, fore-running it a little, that put the accent of command into Mary Tooker's voice and the little jerk of mastery into her shoulders? Her mother succumbed to them weakly.

"I am tucked, she said, "but your father's shirt's got to be done up, and the collars and cuffs. He's decided he's going to the celebration over to Stratford."

"Yes, he said he was at dinner, mother," the girl faced about resolutely. "Why don't you go with him?"

"Me? Why, Mary Ann Tooker! Me?"

"Yes, you. I guess it won't hurt you to have one good time in your life. I guess you deserve it. There, there, you needn't look so scared. Father won't hear me. He's fast asleep. You go up stairs and lie down, mother. I'll finish the ironing."

Mary Tooker was 29 years old, and she "looked it" Aunt Lois Knapp said. Over her temples already the hair was thin and had its gray lining, which Mary kept snugly covered as long as she could. Her shoulders stooped a little. Even her skirts had renounced the follies and the frills of youth and fell scantily around her, like an old woman's.

Mary Tooker had never been young in her life. There had been a short, young month, to be sure, when John Tracy came nearly every afternoon up the front walk and steadily drank tea with her out of the best china teacups, but could "being young" be crowded into a month? When Mary's father came back at the month's end, the lines in his chin had deepened obstinately, and John Tracy, in pity of Mary's frightened distress, had agreed to stay away.

"Until you call me back, Mary," he had said gravely. "I shall wait."

But that was years ago. Now John Tracy's hair was thinning, too, and growing gray. His shoulders were stooped, too. Would Mary ever call him back?

Mary Tooker ironed the sticky shirt bosom with conscientious care on July 3rd in the little sweltering kitchen. Every crease she pulled out painstakingly. Every speck she sponged away, bending over it with nearsighted eyes. When the work was done, she got supper and called in her father.

"Father," she said bravely as the solemn meal went on, "I've got to go down to the village on an errand to-night. It's so hot—I'm considerable tired—I was thinking perhaps—could I have the team?" Her sallow cheeks reddened anxiously.

Mrs. Tooker held her spoon suspended in helpless dismay. Was Mary crazy? There was nothing further said until "father" had cleared his plate and drained his last saucerful of tea. Then he shoved back his chair with a rasping noise and said decidedly: "The mare's got to rest up for to-morrow. I guess you can foot it all right."

Mrs. Tooker's spoon fell clattering to her plate. There was almost relief in her face. The red flush in Mary's face flickered, died out, then woke again. The shadow of Independence day touched her once more.

"But, father," she said, subduing the quaver in her voice with unusual success, "I'd like some money."

Adam Tooker sat down suddenly in a chair by the door—so suddenly and so heavily that the chair, unduly weak in constitution, succumbed to his weight.

It was unfortunate for poor Mary.

"Money!" he exclaimed, getting himself together stiffly. "You'n your mother are always an ever-lastin' wantin' money. I ain't made of money. Where's the dollar I give you last week?"

"Last month," Mary quietly corrected him. "Mother had to get a new milk pail with most of that and a butter mold with the rest. I want this money to spend for us—mother and me."

"Then I guess you'll have to turn to and earn it."

Adam Tooker was not a brutal man. There was even a secret core of tenderness beneath the husk of selfishness, but just now his shins twinged with rheumatic pain from his fall and his temper had him in hand.

"Oh, Mary," Lavinia Tooker remonstrated querulously over the dish washing, "how'd you dare to vex your father so? He feels the heat dreadfully, and I don't know he feels real well besides. I wish you hadn't done it."

"Mother!" Mary Tooker stood up straight and impressive, even majestic. Her old young, spiritless face shone with a new light. The grace of honest indignation transformed it.

"Mother, look at me! I'm going on 30. Do I look as if I ever'd spent a cent of father's money on myself, as other girls do? Do I look pretty and tasty and young? Did I ever look so? And he says I'd better earn some money!"

The scathing of her voice burned into her mother's heart. She spread out both her calloused, unlovely hands and let them speak with wordless eloquence for her. The reddened skin and worn nails bore pitiful evidence of rough work.

Where's the money I have earned? Where's the money you've been growing old and stoopy and feeble? Where's our new dresses we've earned and laces and ribbons like other women's? Have you ever had a nice dress in your life—ever! Have I, either? Where's the celebrations we've ever been to? Where's anything beautiful or easy or comfortable we've ever had or done?"

Mrs. Tooker's helpless tears fell. Was poor Mary crazy?

"Hush, hush, dearie!" she said soothingly. "You're tucked out, what with the heat and working so stiddy. You don't know what you're saying. You go get on your hat—till sort of settle your feelings to walk down to the store. Law! I guess I can make out this little mess of dishes—go way!"

At Orr's Mills, the Fourth of July dawned hotter and more breathless still—the kind of a Fourth of July we have been bred to expect if all goes well.

Adam Tooker got an early start for Stratford. The women folks were left with most of the morning's chores to do to that end. It was long before they were done. Then Mary disappeared in her own room.

When she came out, half an hour or more later, her mother fairly

gasped at the picture she made in the low, smoky doorway. Was it Mary—Mary Ann Tooker? Had she fallen asleep there in the creaking rocker and opened her eyes in heaven? For this was the way Mary would look in heaven—young and sweet and like other mother's Marys.

"Mother, don't you know me?" called Mary joyfully. "Why, you're crying! Why, mother?"

Her mother reached out both arms toward her suddenly. "You look—so—beautiful, dearie!" she almost sobbed.

Mary had loosened her brown hair into soft, girlish curves and tendrils, and it framed in her face with softening effect. She had put on all her scant finery, amplifying and beautifying it with surprising success. She even had flowers in her hair and a little bunch at her belt. But best of all was the pretty light in her eyes and the smiles that brought out forgotten, unused dimples in her cheeks. She was young for once in her life at last—Mary Ann Tooker, 29 years old.

Over her arm she had her mother's best dress, freshly bedecked with lace ruchings in neck and sleeves.

"Put it on, mother. Put it on quick! We mustn't lose a minute. This is Independence Day."

Ah, the secret was out! It was Independence Day! At Orr's Mills, at Stratford, the world over, and in Mary Tooker's soul.

Mrs. Tooker made a feeble protest: "I hadn't ought to, Mary. It ain't right!"

But Mary's fingers, smoothing the thin, straight, white hair, strayed out to the wrinkled forehead and lightly rested on it. Then Mary Ann Tooker leaned over and kissed her mother. Dear lady alive! Mary dressed her, Mrs. Tooker meekly submitting now. Mary fastened a few flowers over her mother's thin breast.

"There now, mother, you look beautiful!" she said, briskly. "I'm going to set you in the parlor in the haircloth rocker out of the sun. You're my company."

"Mary—why, Mary?"

"Yes, you're my company. I'm going to open a jar of preserves for your supper and cut the fruit cake—hush, you needn't say a word! I guess I can entertain my own mother on Fourth of—on Independence Day," she corrected herself quickly. "I guess so! I'm going to see if you and I can't celebrate too."

"But, Mary—"

"I was going to get a bunch of fire-crackers down to the store last night. Yes, I was! Father didn't give me any money, so I couldn't, and maybe I shouldn't have dared to fire 'em off. But fruit cake and preserves and our best dresses'll do."

She sat opposite her mother, stiffly upright on the sofa. Her face shone. "I don't know but this is the way it feels to be young. I like it." Her voice was wistful, earnest.

Her mother stopped rocking and looked over into her face almost anxiously.

All at once Mary went to the window. There's John Tracy driving past," she said quietly. "I'm going to invite him in to supper too."

"Mary—dear land—Mary?"

But Mary was gone. At the front door she stood under the tangle of vines and called clearly: "John! John!"

At supper they drank tea again staidly out of the best china teacups. The fruit cake appeared in mute disapprobation to Mrs. Tooker, but she took the second place when Mary pressed her undiminishedly. "What would Adam say?"

Adam Tooker's day had not been full of unalloyed pleasure. He had had so long to think on the drive to town, and perversely, persistently the disjointed fragments of Mary's last night's talk with her mother had rung in his ears. He had heard them as he came in from milking. He had heard them all night. He was hearing them to-day between the booms of cannon and the sharp, intermittent pops of the boys' firecrackers. They ran on in his mind with troublesome reiteration, always in Mary's shrill, indignant voice, with its wistful undertones.

Confound it! Were they going to spoil his whole day? Couldn't a man take a bit of pleasuring without being pestered to death!

The day wore on slowly to Adam Tooker, however fast and joyous to the happy-faced families around him taking their holiday together.

Boom! Boom! Was it that, or was it the jolt and stir of hurrying feet and the clatter of high, excited voices that jarred from his seat of selfishness the core of human tenderness entombed in Adam

Reason for Rejoicing.

There is no country which has more reason than our own to celebrate the anniversary of the birthday of our country. Those 13 colonies, numbering not 3,000,000 people, are now 65,000,000, as free and enlightened as any upon God's footstool.

We little realize to-day the privations of Valley Forge or the sufferings of our Pilgrim fathers and mothers. The formation period of our government was critical. They had the same errors and differences to fight against that we have now. We can render no higher homage to the memory of our fathers than to baptize our souls afresh with patriotism. It is more than an attachment to the soil—it is devotion to a political idea.

The Original Declaration.

The original copy of the Declaration of Independence has been withdrawn from public exhibition in the state department library, made into a roll and placed in a tin box for filing with the archives of the government. The rapid fading of the text of the Declaration and the deterioration of the parchment on which it is engrossed, from exposure to the light and on account of age, rendered it impracticable for the department to allow it to be exhibited or handled longer. In lieu of the original document a facsimile is on exhibition.—Selected.

Chamberlain's Pain Balm has no equal as a household liniment. It is the best remedy known for rheumatism, lame back, neuralgia, while for sprains, cuts, bruises, burns, scalds and sore throats, it is invaluable. Wertz & Pike, merchants, Portland, Me., write: "Everyone who buys a bottle of Chamberlain's Remedies, comes back and says it is the best medicine he has ever used." 25 and 50 cents per bottle at G. R. Wiley's, Bethel, and G. O. Jones, Bryant Pond.

Ask your stationer for Pine Tree Linen.

Ripans Tablets cure indigestion. Ripans Tablets cure dizziness.

10 oz. Duck-covered Trunk. The Duck is glued to the wool, extra heavy ball corner irons. Corbin look. Two straps fastened to the trunk. \$1.00

Solid Trunk, heaviest Duck covering. Lined throughout with Linen. Extra corner irons, 2 trays, solid brass lock. \$7.00

A \$10 Trunk for \$7.00

Other trunks at \$1.87, \$2.25, \$2.75, \$3.25, &c.

White Kid Sandals for children, 75c to \$1.15

Patent Leather, Pine Kid, and Satin Slippers, 75c to \$2.50

TRUNKS. Thousands of people live in their trunks all summer. Then the trunk should be comfortable, roomy, convenient and durable. Our trunks all that.

Moreover they are all new. Canvas covered Trunks, having heavy corner irons, brass lock, iron bottom. A thoroughly made trunk bottom. \$2.00

10 oz. Duck-covered Trunk. The Duck is glued to the wool, extra heavy ball corner irons. Corbin look. Two straps fastened to the trunk. \$1.00

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White Kid Sandals for

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM.

TRAINS FROM ISLAND POND TO PORTLAND RUN AS FOLLOWS:

	A. M.	P. M.
Island Pond,	6.00	1.15
Gorham,	6.30	1.45
Bethel,	7.00	2.15
West Bethel,	7.30	2.45
BETHEL,	7.45	2.55
Locke's Mills,	8.00	3.10
Bryant Pond,	8.15	3.25
South Paris,	8.30	3.40
Portland,	8.45	3.55

TRAINS FROM PORTLAND TO ISLAND POND RUN AS FOLLOWS:

	A. M.	P. M.
Portland,	8.10	3.30
South Paris,	8.25	3.45
Bryant Pond,	8.40	3.60
Locke's Mills,	8.55	3.75
BETHEL,	9.10	3.90
West Bethel,	9.25	4.05
Gorham,	9.40	4.20
Island Pond,	9.55	4.35

Sunday paper train leaves Portland going west at 8.30 a. m., South Paris 10.30, Bryant Pond 10.51, Locke's Mills 11.00, Bethel 11.10, West Bethel 11.20, Gilead 11.34, Gorham 12.00, arriving in Berlin 12.24.

The train which leaves Island Pond at 2.05 a. m., and the one which leaves Portland at 8.30 p. m., run every day; all others every day except Sunday.

Sunday Excursions.

It has been arranged that beginning July 3rd, Sunday excursions will be run as last year to Portland, the Islands, Haysville, and Old Orchard Beach, also Sunday excursions will be run beginning that date to Berlin. The points to which these excursions will be run and the rates will be the same as last year from Bethel. The following special Sunday train service will be in effect for Berlin, leaving Bethel 11:10 a. m., returning leave Bethel for Bethel 12:30 p. m. For Portland and the Islands leave Bethel at 7:11 a. m., returning leave Portland at 8:00 p. m.

Fare from Bethel to Portland, \$1.00

" " " Old Orchard, 1.40

" " " Gorham, 1.45

" " " Berlin, 1.45

Celebration at Portland.

For the above round trip, tickets will be sold at first-class single fare on July 2, 3, 4, and 5, to return until July 5. In addition to regular train service during these dates, tickets will be good leaving Bethel by special Sunday train, but those wishing to travel by the special Sunday train to Portland and enjoy the benefit of the return limit until July 5, must pay single fare for the round trip.

BUSINESS CARDS.

MISS E. E. BURNHAM,

Millinery, Fancy Goods and Jewelry,

BETHEL, ME.

HERRICK & PARK,

Attorneys at Law,

BETHEL, ME.

A. W. GROVER,

Pension Attorney,

Cole Block, - BETHEL, MAINE.

Office days the last three of each week.

DR. J. G. Gehring,

Physician and Surgeon,

BETHEL, ME.

Office at residence on Broad St.

A. S. Kimball,

M. L. Kimball,

KIMBALL & SON,

Attorneys at Law,

NORWAY, - MAINE.

All business will receive prompt and careful attention.

E. L. JEWELL,

MERCHANT,

TAILOR,

SOUTH PARIS, MAINE.

REPAIRING, CLEANING

AND PRESSING. : : :

VIVIAN W. HILLS,

Ophthalmic Optician, and

The only Optical Optician Oxford Co

NORWAY, - MAINE.

Look out for quack doctors, Professors, etc., who try to pass as Graduate Opticians—fill your eyes with mud, but never attend an Optical School—simply buy diplomas by mail.

Our Optical Department is the best in Oxford County. Remember we are the only practical Graduate Optician in Oxford County.

The only optician in this county who ever personally attended an Optical School and has diplomas for same.

HILLS don't claim to be the only one selling glasses, but they claim to be the only optician of practical ability in this county. If any one tells you that he was not the first in Oxford County to make a specialty of fitting glasses, the first to measure the amount of rays which may enter the eye and special lenses ground for the defects, he tells you a falsehood.

Don't understand us saying we are the only one who can fit you some "travelling men," "spectacle dealers" and "would be opticians" will fit you so you can see, but you will pay double the price that HILLS would ask you for the same.

How do you know but a pair fitted by HILLS would be less strain on the eyes? Try it, for you take chances? Don't fool with your eyes. HILLS prices are much the lowest. Solid gold spectacle frames, \$1.75; others ask \$3.00 for the same. We also have a cheaper solid gold frame. Gold filled frames, \$1.25, warranted for ten years; others ask \$2.00 for the same. We offer cheap filled at 50c, and 75c. See and upenation.

No charge for examination.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Don't delay if your sight is troubling you, but visit us at once.

—VIVIAN W. HILLS—

GRADUATE OPTICIAN,

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Solid and

Silver Plated Ware.

Regaining promptly attended to.

"Good work costs no more."

Opera House Bldg., NORWAY, ME.

Telephone Call—513.

Correspondence solicited.

JONAS EDWARDS,

AUBURN, - MAINE.

C. L. DAVIS,

General Trucking and Dealer in

COAL, ICE, &c.

Trucking of every kind promptly attended to. Orders to be left at house.

C. L. DAVIS,

MAIN STREET, - BETHEL, MAINE.

WANTS, LOST, ETC.

Notices under this head inserted one week for 25 cents. Three weeks for 50 cents.

For Sale.

Two tons of the best quality English hay; also the grass standing on a lot of about eight acres. This hay and grass can be bought at a bargain. Inquire of Joe Hamlin, News office Bethel, Me.

Standing grass on 80 acres of land. Inquire of D. H. Grover, Bethel.

STANDING GRASS FOR SALE.

Standing grass for sale on C. H. L. Powers' farm in Bethel, Me. Inquire for particulars of E. R. Lane, Newry, Maine.

ATTENTION FARMERS!

REMEMBER THE OLD ADAGE—

A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE

—and don't let the Bugs and Worms half destroy your Potato, Squash and Cucumber vines, and Currant bushes, but commence the extermination of the pests at once by going to G. P. Bean's and getting a package of

BUG DEATH

A sure exterminator of all vermin that infest Potato, Squash & Cucumber vines, Currant bushes, and house plants.

G. P. BEAN, Corner Church and Main Streets.

AT "PLUMMER'S"

Kings Wear Crowns.

but private citizens of taste prefer Straw Hats this season.

The style of this season's hats is somewhat different than last season—they are cooler, and prettier than ever. If you come to me

YOU CAN WEAR A HAT

that is correct style, and costs only my usual kind of prices.

UNDERWEAR.

Is The Rest Good Enough?

Surely this Underwear we have is good enough for anybody. It is the best we ever saw, and at the price (my usual kind of prices) is very much better value than anything similar to be had in the county. It's the biggest bargain in our stock to-day.

SHIRTS.

Have secured unusual advantages for our patrons, and marked the goods at our usual small profit. It will pay you to think up your needs in this line and prepare yourself for future needs, at the present prices.

J. F. PLUMMER,

SOUTH PARIS, ME.

GO TO H. M. Farwell's

FOR YOUR

GROCERIES

and get a Square Top

OAK CENTRE TABLE

FREE

with every ten dollars worth of goods.

Order Team runs Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Prices talk—ours are the lowest, and the goods are the best. Give me a trial and be convinced.

Notice of Foreclosure.

WHEREAS, Frank Stanley, then of Dixfield, in the County of Oxford and State of Maine, and John F. Stanley, then of Paris, in said County, by their mortgage deed dated the sixteenth day of February, A. D. 1892, recorded in Oxford County Registry of Deeds, book 225 page 184, conveyed to the South Paris Savings Bank, a corporation established by law at South Paris, in said County, the following named and described real estate, to wit:

Two-thirds parts in common and undivided of lots numbered sixteen (16), twenty-two (22), forty-five (45), forty-seven (47), eighty-three (83), eighty-four (84), eighty-seven (87), ninety-four (94), ninety-seven (97), ninety-eight (98), and ninety-nine (99), one hundred and two (102), and one hundred and three (103), all in the third division of lots in Rumford in said county; also two-thirds parts in common and undivided of lot numbered two (2) in the sixth (6th) range of lots in Roxbury in said county; also two-thirds parts in common and undivided of lot numbered nine (9) in range five (5) in Mexico in said county; also two-thirds parts in common and undivided of lots numbered six (6) and seven (7) in the eleventh (11) range and lots five and six (5 & 6) in the twelfth (12th) range, lot numbered four (4) in the fourteenth (14th) range and lot numbered two (2) in the fifteenth (15th) range in the town of Paris in said county; and whereas the said South Paris Savings Bank, by its deed of assignment, recorded in said Registry of Deeds, book 245, page 182, assigned, transferred, and set over said mortgage unto the undersigned, Alpheus S. Bean, and whereas the condition of said mortgage has been broken, now, therefore, by reason of breach of said mortgage, I claim a foreclosure of said mortgage.

Dated at Bethel, this twenty-first day of March, A. D. 1893.

ALPHEUS S. BEAN.

..COUNTY NEWS..

OTHER COUNTY NEWS ON PAGE FOUR.

WEST BETHEL.

"Now nature fails, with odors rare The woodlands is perfuming, And in the golden summer air The sweet June rose is blooming."

The modest daisy decks the lea, The fields their bloom are wearing, And to resorts, beside the sea, The wealthy are repairing.

Front doors and shutters now we'll close, Eluding observation, And then our neighbors will suppose We're off on our vacation."

Showery weather continues.

Now prepare to celebrate the Fourth.

Hang your banners on the outer wall Monday morning.

Miss Flora Jane Wheeler came home from Jefferson, N. H., Saturday.

Peddlers are numerous, and nearly all carry the same line of goods.

Fred McLeod has moved to North Albany, and will work on a farm there during the summer.

A few men have been working on the concrete sidewalks in this village the past week, repairing the old and laying some new.

There will be an entertainment at A. S. Bean's hall, Saturday evening, July 2, for the benefit of the Chapel Aid Society.

Gerardo Wight of Berlin, N. H., was in town Sunday. He rode down on his bicycle Saturday evening, a distance of twenty-five miles over muddy roads.

We have received a postage stamp from the Washington, D. C., office, issued to aid the Omaha Exposition. It is the same size as the Columbian, and bears a picture of "Farming in the West."

Three men advertising a liquid cure-all gave a free concert on the streets Friday evening. A darkey sang and played the banjo, and the "Doctor" and his assistant disposed of about thirty bottles of medicine.

GILEAD.

We hear that the Grand Trunk contemplates putting in a new siding at the village.

Within the period of twenty-four hours on the 23rd, thirty-three loaded cars were sent out from Gilead station.

Gorham brass band of eighteen pieces will furnish music at Riverside Park, Bethel, July 4th, when some good races will be held.

We were informed on the 25th, that there are on an average, about twenty-five boarders at the Tavern. Summer boarders will not arrive till later in the season.

The work of getting out the logs for pile-driving is moving forward with energy. On the 25th, ten teams were engaged in hauling from Josiah Heath's timber lot, each team making five trips to the landing by the railroad.

Willard Jewett of Gorham, was at Josiah Heath's on the 24th. It was a bicycle trip and a flying visit. He came in the afternoon, and returned in the evening; his sister Altie has been with her grandparents for a week, and is to prolong her visit for several days.

On the north side of the Andros-coggin, near the suspension bridge there has been some change made in the road. A few rods west of, or up river from the bridge, the town blasted the rock from the road bed, and also from the ledge on the side. A good thing to be done we think. Again just below the bridge entrance, without expense to the town we believe dynamite has given us a broader road, made necessary that the long logs might turn on to, and cross the bridge.

Messed.

"James Payn tells this story of the 'American plan' of dueling, wherein the two duellists, with one second, meet within doors and draw lots for who shall shoot himself: A and B having had a 'difficultly' A was the unlucky man, and the referee for the purpose of self-destruction into the next apartment. B and the second, both very much moved by the tragedy of the situation, remained in listening attitudes. At last the pistol shot was heard; they shuddered with emotion and remorse, when suddenly in rushed the supposed dead man, triumphantly exclaiming: 'Missed!'

WILSON'S MILLS.

Jennie Hart has a new bicycle.

Percy Ripley is building a wharf for the steamer.

Dr. Gilley, the optician, was in town Thursday.

Seth Terrill of Colebrook, has been in town this week.

Jonathan Bennett of Newry, was in town Friday calling on friends.

Dr. E. C. Walker and brother of Norway, are in town for a short vacation.

A minister from Colebrook held a meeting at the schoolhouse, Tuesday evening.

Willie Drake and Albert Taylor of Boston, are staying at Fred Taylor's during vacation.

Ira and Bernice Pennock of Littleton, N. H., arrived Saturday night. They visited their father, who is quite sick.

Several of our townspeople attended the golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Elihu Leavitt at the lower town, Tuesday evening.

Mrs. J. E. Haley, Miss Maude Lamb and the Misses Julia and Matilda Charvin came down on the boat Wednesday, and took dinner at J. W. Clark's.

A Safe Mule.

"Rastus, you infernal nigger, you told me that mule was perfectly safe, and when I went into the stable he nearly kicked the top of my head off."

"Yes, sah, I said the mule was safe, sah. But of yo kin recollect, I didn't say nuffin about wedder you was safe in his vicinity. Dat mule is able enough to be safe anywhere."—Indianapolis Journal.

SOUTH PARIS.

Two good things will soon be here, namely: Fourth of July and green peas.

All who are interested in trotting will be interested at Riverside Park, Bethel, July 4th.

People who have garden hose should remember that "a drop in time saves nine," and sometimes 999.

Quite a number left this place enroute for Bethel, last Monday, to attend and take part in the concert given there.

Mr. Winslow Thayer and brother Harold of this place, who have been visiting relatives in Summer the past week, returned home last Sunday.

Large crowds of berry pickers have been seen returning with well filled pails, from the region known as the Plains and from various pastures, during the past week.

Mrs. Jared Young of Locke's Mills, who has recently been visiting her daughter, Mrs. J. J. Murphy of this place, is now visiting her sister, Mrs. Azel Bumpus of Frost Corner.

Mr. Fran Briggs, formerly of this place, was brought home to his sister, Mrs. George Hussey, last Monday, sick with a rheumatic disease. Under the skillful care of Dr. Mabrey he is said to be rapidly improving.

Mr. Frank Monroe, formerly a resident of this place, has been visiting friends here the past week. While stopping at the home of Mr. Rodney Hall, he entertained them and many others with several fine vocal selections.

Miss Carrie Hall entertained the Eston club at her home on Pleasant street, last Wednesday afternoon. The tables upon which refreshments consisting of ice cream, cake, and coffee were served, were beautifully decorated with wild flowers.

Miss Alice Gammon of Frost Corner, spent Sunday with Miss Grace Murphy of this village.

A variety show took place in Electra Park last Monday evening; some of our disappointed audience called it a fake, they had previously been engaged for a number of performances but were immediately dismissed at the close of the first one. The management now assures the public that in the future none but up-to-date shows will be provided for its patrons.

Patriotic work in this place and Norway now seems to be the order of the day. Two boxes of good things have already been sent to our boys who are doing military duty at Chickamauga Park, besides an entertainment, the proceeds of which will be sent there to buy such articles as will be needed. The cost of transportation on the last box sent was \$80, therefore the cash will be sent this time. A collection was taken at the children's Sunday entertainment, held in the Congregational church of this place, to help swell the fund. The foregoing ideas would be worthy of imitation in some other towns which have sent their boys to the front.

PARIS.

School in King district closes June 30.

A. C. Brown finished work for McIntyre and Johnson, last week.

Calvin Morey of Norway, was at his brother's, Melvin B. Morey, recently.

Miss C. Lula Briggs went to Lewiston the 25th to have her eyes treated by Dr. Cobb.

Mrs. William Merriam and children of Massachusetts, are visiting her mother, Mrs. James Whittemore.

On June 21st, Joseph Briggs and wife attended the reunion of the scholars who attended Hebron Academy from 1847 to 1851.

Miss C. Lula Briggs who has been teaching in West Backfield, was obliged to leave the school on account of trouble with her eyes. Miss Gertrude Abbott, a member of the class of '98, South Paris High school, is teaching for a few days.

Once Tried, Always Used.

If we sell one bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, we seldom fail to sell the same person more, when it is again needed. Indeed, it has become the family medicine of this town, for coughs and colds, and we recommend it because of its established merits—Jas. E. Harned, Prop. Oakland Pharmacy, Oakland, Md. Sold by G. R. Wiley, Bethel, and G. O. Jones, Bryant Pond.

WAR WITH SPAIN.

Reliable War News

IN THE GREAT

National

Family

Newspaper

Furnished by Special Correspondents at the front.

The New York Weekly Tribune

will contain all important war news of the daily edition. Special dispatches up to the hour of publication.

Careful attention will be given to Farm and Family Topics, Foreign Correspondence, Market Reports, and all general news of the World and Nation.

We furnish the New York Weekly Tribune and your favorite home paper.

THE BETHEL NEWS,

BOTH ONE YEAR FOR \$1.50.

Send all orders to THE NEWS, BETHEL, ME.

GRAFTON.

Wendell Philbrook has gone to Bethel.

A. M. Otis of Rumford Falls, was in town recently.

Mrs. A. F. Brooks has been very ill, but is some better now.

Mrs. C. T. Parker has returned to her home in Newry.

Sena Littlehale of Newry, is visiting friends in town.

Will Otis returned home last week; he has been clerking on E. I. Brown's drive.

Mr. and Mrs. Vryon D. Lowe who have been visiting at Mrs. A. W. Farrar's, returned to Auburn this week.

The outline quilt which was sold by the Ladies' Circle by guesses on states was gotten by Mrs. Mary Bames of Sunday River. Thanks are extended to all who bought guesses, and so helped in this work.

PERU.

D. A. Harriman was in Lewiston, last Saturday.

Eloy Gammon is having his new house plastered.

Horace Clark is doing a thriving business repairing his house.

Barrett and Kidder have newly shingled their house and barn.

Guy Gibbs of Hebron, is working during his vacation for D. W. Knight.

Last Saturday and Sunday were the first real "sweaty" days this summer.

Mrs. Jane McDonald is visiting her daughter, Mrs. James Kerr of Rumford Falls.

Varnish Makes Devoe's Varnish Floor Paint cost a little more; it also makes it look brighter and wear fully twice as long to pay for it. Hastings Bros. sell it.

Pine Tree Linen at Hall's drug store.

Ripans Tabules cure flatulence.

Ripans Tabules: one gives relief.

Ripans Tabules cure bad breath.

Ripans Tabules: gentle cathartic.

HAY CARRIERS.

IF YOU ARE THINK-

ING OF PUTTING-

IN A : : : :

HAY FORK,

DO NOT FAIL TO

GET OUR

